VERSES

On the bleſſed and happy CORONATION

OF

CHARLES the II.

KING of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*,
Defender of the Faith, Printed at the hearty deſires
of Perſons of Quality.

ONe blow ſtruck off great CHARLE's head and Crown,
His life, and all our lawes, *that blow* cut down,
And in the grave with him they did remayn,
Till heaven reſtor'd, the ſecond (*charles* again?
What means this triumph? why do all reſort?
In pompe, and gallantry, thus to the Court,
Why are we all in armes? I hear ſome ſay,
That Gods Vice-gerent, *Charles* is Crown'd to day.
Come loyall Subjects, come and let your dayes
Be ſpent in joy! come Poets! let your bayes
Be double plac'd, now let the Muſes Spring
Run flouds of verſes; let ſweet *Flora* bring
Her golden garland; let the Damſel's faire
Take up their timbrels, play beyond compare,
Harke! how the bells ſtrike up; the loyall ringers
Strive in the muſick, toout-goe the ſingers,
Harke! harke! heaven calls, harke! harke! what is the ſound?
The Angells do rejoyce, the King is Crown'd,
Look where good *Zadock* ſtands, amongſt the reſt,
With oyle, for to anoint, of Kings the beſt,
Iehovah bowes the heavens and is come down,
To bleſſe the King, and ſmile upon the Crown,
Who dare think treaſon now, the birds that hover
Under the branches, treaſon will diſcover,

They

They do not onely clap on him a Crown;
But do keep up the Lawes, the ſword pull'd down,
Revive Religion, which hath long been dead,
They crown the Church, aſwell's the kingdomes head,
O glorious Sight! how happy ſhall we be,
In our good King, rejoyce you Kingdomes three,
And ſhout for joy, and give the King of Kings,
Eternal praiſe, for he doth wondrous things;
Thou Searcher of all hearts, prepare our hearts,
To praiſe thy name, for curing of our ſmarts,
Thine is the pow'er, and glorie we confeſſe,
Thou art our onely helper in diſtreſſe,
God ſave the King, and in that very place,
They crown his head, crown thou his heart with grace,
Adde vertues, to his virtues, praiſe to praiſe,
A happy raign, and *Neſtors* length of dayes,
Give him true Subjects, let his *Lords* and *Earles*
Have loyal hearts, unto their Royal *Charles*,
Let Knights, and Gentry, all men ſpend their blood,
For Gods *anoynted*, and the Kingdomes good,
Keep him from treaſons, let him rule in ſpite
Of Papiſt, Pagan, Jew, or Cromwellite,
Preſerve thy *David*, and he that rebells,
Confound his Councells, like *Achitophells*,
And let his happy *Coronation* be,
Death to rebellion, *life* to our libertie,
Let none be wanting of this royall line,
To rule, as long as Sun, and Moon doth ſhine,
That heaven would grant all this, ſo prayes my pen,
And hee's a Rebell, that ſayes not Amen.

John Rich Gent.

God ſave King Charles the ſecond.
Amen.

LONDON,

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